

SCORCHED BRAVELY IN THE MUD.

Irvington-Milburn Race a Heroic Struggle.

THE WINNER A NOVICE.

Young Soden Captured the Honors of "The Cycling Derby."

BESTED A LARGE FIELD.

Over One Hundred Plucky Wheelmen Strove to Win the Coveted Prize.

BUT THE PACE WAS NOT FAST.

Soft Clay Retarded Speed and So Spattered the Riders That They Looked Like Apaches on the Warpath.

UP among the foothills of the Orange Mountains yesterday morning a hundred and more great-hearted striplings splashed and ploughed and silted through twenty-five miles of mud for the blue ribbon of bicycle racing.

The weather, which made the Irvington-Milburn road race a failure in point of speed and the presence of spectators, made it a glowing success in point of bulldog grit, of skill, of patience, of the sort of grim courage that stirs the blood of a man.

Their features knitted in the agony of endeavor, their bare, sinewy limbs red with wet clay, their hair matted with sweat and dirt, their jaws gnawing at rage of dripping sponge as a dog gnaws at a bone, these young men flitting over the highway looked about as sane and as civilized as a band of Apaches off the reservation. Yet they were the exponents of the best that is in the body of man, adapted to the most modern of his means for reddening his blood and shortening the mile-posts.

The great race—it is called the Cycle Derby of America—was won by a Newark youngster, George A. Soden by name. He rode a clever and judicious as well as a game race, and pretty nearly earned the honor that he now claims over wheelmen of more years and stouter muscle.

There were accidents, of course; but the wonder is that there were so few. One spill at the Irvington end of the course involved three riders, who shot over each other and each other's bicycles into the morass as helplessly as ten pins. One of them, H. R. Glenworth, of the W. F. A. Club, of Newark, was knocked senseless, bleeding from the ears and nose. It is feared that he has concussion of the brain. Each of the other two dislocated an arm, a circumstance that they seemed to regret for no other reason than that they had to leave the race to be fought out to the bitter end by their rivals.

On the summit of a plateau, a stone's throw from the roadhouse and headed known as Hilton's, was the grand stand, midway between Irvington and Milburn. It was there that the race began, and there it ended, after the five-mile course had been covered five times under the cruellest conditions that a wheelman could encounter. Across the road was a delicious little patch of woodland, no larger than a city block. To the left the highway plunged down through the trees toward Milburn. To the right it stretched away, red and sloppy, to Irvington.

There was all the color, all the grotesque vivacity of a country fair. It stretched thinly the whole length of the course, and clustered into a knot at Hilton's like a snarl in a thread. There were parades of every kind of vehicle ever built, and every kind of costume ever worn. There were farmers who looked as if they had stepped out of a colored supplement and farmer's daughters with crushed raspberry cheeks and a wagon-load of opera bouffe policemen from Newark to keep the little boys from sliding

in the mud. And there was Magistrate Simms, metropolitan, judicial, a wheelman every inch, the patron of the day and the judge of the contest.

As the first pop of the starter's pistol echoed among the hilltops, four riders started off with a swish and a spatter of mud, their bodies swaying as they bore hard on the pedals to gain the first momentum. They were the seven minute men, whom the handicapper, in his wisdom, had favored most. Half a minute later another shot was fired, and a gallant squad of eleven started in pursuit. In that batch was a lad in blue trunks and jersey, destined to beat all his rivals.

Shot after shot; squad after squad. Some were a mere handful; some were so large that they found it a grudging width of road for a fair start. And so on down to the scratch men, who really had no earthly chance of overtaking their nimble competitors.

Thereafter it was a question to the spectators of waiting for the reappearance of the leading riders from the direction in which they had started, shouting incoherent absurdities at them as they sped by, consulting their big yellow programmes to see which men had gained ground and which lost, criticizing, sympathizing, laughing, cheering, and at length lapsing into watchfulness again as the rearmost racer swept from sight, headed for Milburn. This, repeated five times, made the race, with a throbbing neck and neck finish for a demerit.

It did not grow monotonous. The spectators would not have cared if the course had been fifty miles, a hundred miles, instead of twenty-five. There was something new at every passing and reappearing. Positions changed. Individual rivalries developed. The meagre racing costumes, from being merely speckled with mud, became coated with it. Faces grew unrecognizable under coatings of clay, so that only the unwarred gleaming eyes and convulsive lips saved them from being hideous terra cotta masks. Even the starting numbers fastened to the backs of the riders had become almost unrecognizable from mud. The muscular arms and the straining legs, white at starting, might have been used for the display of New Jersey soil samples.

All these things were hailed as contributory to the entertainment of the throng. It is doubtful if many of the on-lookers would have wished the weather conditions mitigated, even for the sake of witnessing a speedier race. The mud was a picturesque feature. It imparted something grimly heroic to the contest. Any man or woman would rather watch a regiment of powder-stained regulars in action than a regiment of debonaire millionaires on parade.

These disfigured striplings had been debonaire enough before they started. "How are you feeling?" a friend of one of them had asked as he approached the starting point. "Feel like pulling the handlebars out," had been the heroic rejoinder.

That was the spirit of them all. It came of hard training, self-denial, toil. The men were in shape and on feet and as quick as race horses. They were building over with vitality, like chimpanzees. They felt like tearing their slender mounts of steel and wire into fragments from the sheer excess of energy.

And when the race had been lost and won the exhausted, mud-besattered heroes threw themselves over their shoulders and received the congratulations and the compliments of the shy girls with the crushed raspberry cheeks. Many of them walked home thus among the purple clover, with all the dignity of Roman senators in their togas.

HOW SODEN WON.

A Racing Novice, the Newark Lad Rode a Plucky Race in the Face of Difficulties.

After five miles of the ninth annual Irvington-Milburn twenty-five-mile handicap road race had been covered yesterday afternoon, the race was in a state of confusion by a comfortable margin. Not until in the final five miles was this trio overhauled, and the one to close up the gap was T. R. Goodwin, of the Logan Wheelmen, Brooklyn, who holds the Greater New York indoor championship.

The trio consisted of George A. Soden, Newark; F. R. Warren, Kearny, N. J., and J. W. Hollis, New York. The last named gave way to Goodwin in the conclusion of a race that was handicapped by a mud-covered course, making the time slow and the going in favor of the "pluggers." Strength counted for more than speed.

It was hot work. Soden's advantage at the finish could not have been more than twenty yards, and a hour 21 minutes 42.5 seconds represents the time which he needed to travel the stipulated distance. In the bunch that followed the winner Warren figured as the leader and Goodwin came next. Soon after the start the Brooklyn boy shook his companions on the five minutes 30 seconds mark, ploughed through the six-minute contingent, and at five miles only one rider lay between him and the leaders. This one he passed before ten miles were registered, and thereafter, until he joined the three in front, it was a plucky case of "set your own pace."

Not second to Goodwin's effort, and fully its equal, was the ride of R. M. Alexander, one of the three scratch men, who gradually overhauled the long line in front of him, wound up in seventh position, and took the time prize in 1:17:00. A year ago Alexander found himself winner of the race, though the disqualification of Charles Hadfield, and this time he secured the other honor in the race, that of being time prize possessor.

Despair in the Morning. When dawn broke yesterday the weather conditions were such that the cycle enthusiasts landed deep in the slough of despond. But it had been announced that the "Cycling Derby of America" would take place, rain or shine, so the faithful multitude of machines that spot in the woods midway between Irvington and Milburn, where the start and finish of the great race may not take place another year.

The heavy clouds gave way as the morning wore on, and about 11 o'clock Old Sol peeked through a rift, and an hour later was in his glory unobscured and doing good service in drying up the muddy five miles of road required for the race.

About the start were to be seen many who have been at the event since it was instituted. A. R. Barkman, who was the prime factor in its establishment, came down from Chatham, Mass., to fill his old place as starter; Police Magistrate Charles E. Simms acted as referee, and Will R. Pitman, who did the honors last year, was a daily spectator. Handicapper, Phil watched the proceedings with interest and all the officials worked for a successful outcome. Chief of Police John Gregory, of Newark, and forty assistants were much in evidence.

Sticky Clay, Also Gravel. When the limit men pedaled away at 11:23 o'clock the course was well strewn with people. Four riders had all that the handicapper cared to give, and their troubles began as soon as they encountered

the mile of loose gravel and sticky clay that had to be covered at the outset. Beyond the Hilton House the going was better, and the route into Irvington to the turn improved as it progressed.

Bunch after bunch was started, only one mix-up occurring, this with the four-minute lot. John Ruel, of the Vin Bicycle Club, with an allowance of 2 min. 45 sec., was one who was "touted" as a sure winner. He used a ninety-three inch gear and was slow in getting away, those at the same mark leaving him at the start.

R. M. Alexander, Hartford, Conn.; I. G. Perry, Chicopee, Mass.; and A. M. Shepard, Meriden, Conn., completed the scratch assortment. Out of the 123 entries, 109 riders started.

The Race in Laps. FIVE MILES—Down to the Irvington end of the course and back to the start, and five miles had been traversed. Soden, Warren and Hollis completed the five miles in 17:38, and the three in front after came White, of Newark, and not far behind him Goodwin, accompanied by Edwards, of Chatham, one of the limit men, was hitting it up like a winner. Alexander was in seventh place, and had done the distance in 16:32. Perry was run into near the top at Irvington and the still explained why he was no longer with Alexander. Shepard was at the Hartford rider's rear wheel of the Vin Bicycle Club.

W. E. J. Kirk, the ex-Yale rider, who was counted upon to be a likely quantity, met with an accident, and owing to the mud the machines did not do very well in the first five miles. Charley Earl, the Kings County flyer, met with misfortune in the second five miles, and was the eighth-second man to plug past the start down toward the Milburn end of the course. The remaining twenty-seven of the 109 who started had fallen by the wayside, victims to the horrible stretch of road.

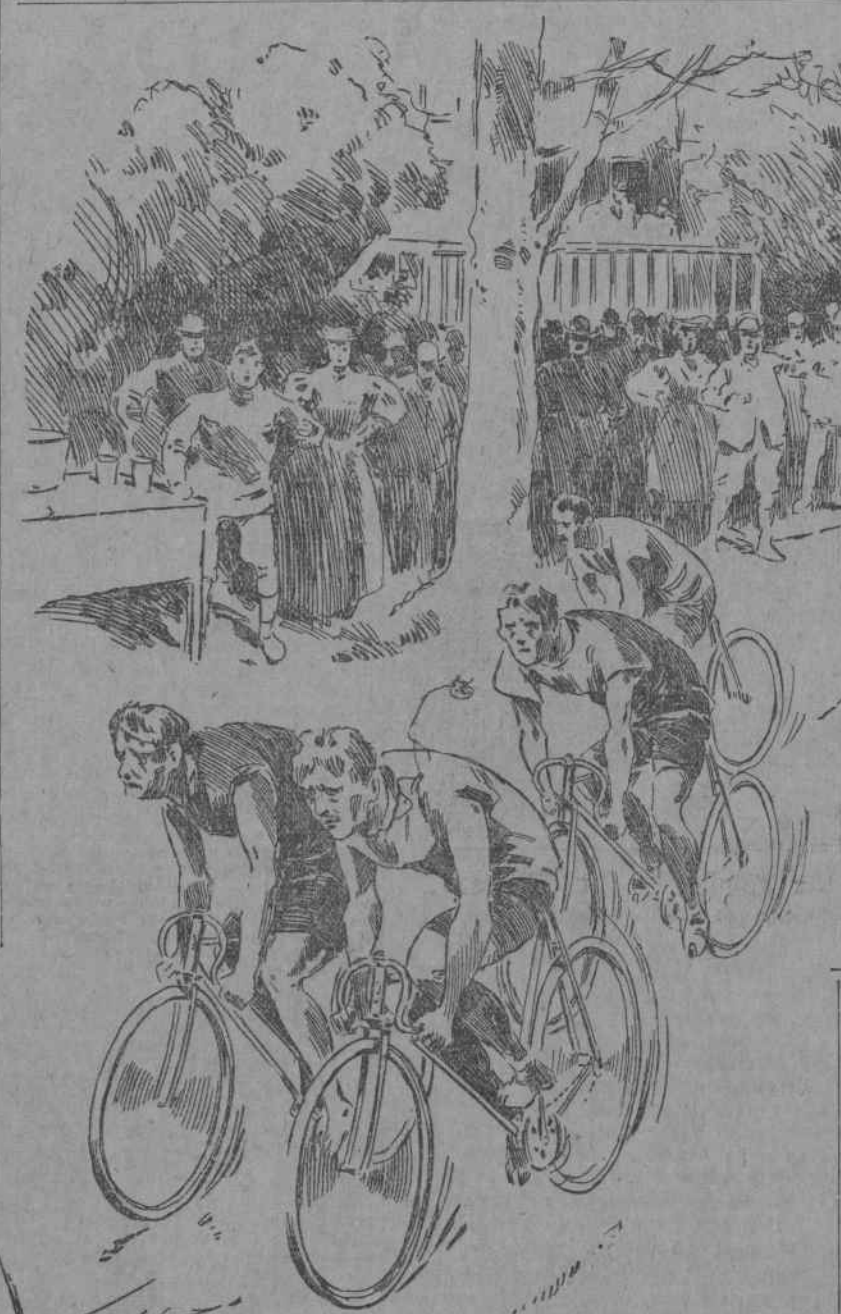
TEN MILES. It was an easy matter to slide down the long hill into Milburn, but it was mighty tough pull to climb the rise on the return. Soden and Warren were a short distance in advance of Hollis when the ten miles were

fore White, of Newark, hove in sight. Alexander came bowling along in seventh place, and right behind him was Firth, who protested to the officials as he passed that Alexander had been accepting pace from Shepard, who did not appear on the return from Milburn. With Alexander and Firth were Sprue, of Brooklyn, and Clark, of Union City, Conn. There were now fifty-three survivors.

TWENTY-FIVE MILES—All eyes were strained toward Irvington watching for the winner. He finally appeared in Soden, who had shaken his two companions, but they were not far behind him. Soden finished scarcely twenty yards in front of Warren, who was fighting it out with Goodwin, who was too much exhausted by his long tiring of lonely plugging to make a successful fight. Hollis and Mottler were of the same bunch. Another minute and Firth and Alexander sprinted up the road, and Mottler had a half length the best of it at the line. The scratch men in interest naturally subsided, but the officials took the others, who finished until fifty-one had been recorded, when the crowd closed in and the race of 1897 was over, with the exception of figuring out the actual times of the contestants.

The Winner a Novice.

George A. Soden, the winner, had never before won a prize in a bicycle race of any kind. He is twenty years old, weighs about 140 pounds, and rode a wheel geared to seventy-six inches. He hails from Woodbridge, N. J., and is the oldest son of a physician in that town. Over three months ago he expressed his determination to make a try for first place honors in the historic event, and ever since has been doing steady work on the wheel in preparation for the hard plug. He states that when he started he felt in as good shape as could be possible, and after ten miles of the distance had been covered and he found himself in front with two others he felt that, barring an accident, he could not fail to win, as he was sure that at the finish



DOWN HILL INTO IRVINGTON.



SODEN WINS.

completed, the time of the leaders for the distance being 32:38. Goodwin was now fourth, with White next in order. Alexander had worked up into fifty-fifth place, and, strange to say, Soden apparently had closed up the gap and was again with his fellow scratch man. It transpired later that he had not gone to the turn. Perry, the remaining scratch man, had disappeared from view. Seventy-six riders only were scored at ten miles. The Race Committee decided to extend the time limit from 1:15 to 1:25, it being plainly apparent that the condition of the road would make a more liberal limit necessary.

The Pace Was Slow.

FIFTEEN MILES. Soden, Warren and Hollis finished the fifteen miles in 49:30, and about a minute behind them came poor Goodwin, alone, and pushing the pedals for keeps. Thomas Firth, of Harrison, a 2m. 30s. man, was in twelfth position, and riding strong. Alexander was now twenty-seventh, and immediately in front of him was Shepard, who was pacing. Just a dozen riders dropped out of the game during the third five miles, and now only sixty-four were left. Though the road was improving because of the sun's rays and the work of the many wheels, the course record of 1:08:21 was entirely beyond reach.

THE WINNER.

The same three were still in front, and their time was 1:03:48 for the distance. Goodwin was fourth, and going it alone. Mottler, of Chatham, appeared next, covered with mud, and it was some time be-

fore he could outstrip the men who rode with him.

The Summary of the Race:

Name	Club or City	Handicap	Time
G. A. Soden	Newark	6:30	1:21:04
F. R. Warren	Kearny, N. J.	6:30	1:21:10
J. W. Hollis	New York	6:30	1:21:11
P. Mottler	Chatham Wheelmen	6:30	1:21:42
R. M. Alexander	Hartford Wheelmen	6:30	1:21:50
F. R. Clark	Y.M.C.A., New Haven	6:30	1:21:51
W. Sprue	Brooklyn Wheelmen	6:30	1:21:52
J. Ruel	Vin Bicycle Club, Newark	6:30	1:21:53
W. Gregory	Boswell	6:30	1:21:54
H. S. Bostworth	Easton, Pa.	6:30	1:21:55
W. D. Shores	Elizabeth	6:30	1:21:56
J. E. Paul	Glenmore Wheelmen	6:30	1:21:57
J. E. McGuire	St. Michael Wheelmen	6:30	1:21:58
W. J. Kirk	T.C.W., Stamford Conn.	6:30	1:21:59
N. E. Edwards	Chatham Wheelmen	6:30	1:22:00
C. D. Camp	Triangle Wheelmen	6:30	1:22:01
H. Hanson	Eagle A.C., Perth Amboy	6:30	1:22:02
P. J. Sweeney	Pierce C.C., Newark	6:30	1:22:03
J. R. Harrison	Vin Bicycle Club	6:30	1:22:04
R. C. Fuller	New Durham, N. J.	6:30	1:22:05
W. J. Hall	Jr. K. C. W., B'klyn	6:30	1:22:06
F. A. Temple	Stamford, Conn.	6:30	1:22:07

M. Cote, Glenmore Wheelmen	6:30	1:22:50
W. H. Hagan, Rhinecliff Wheelmen	6:30	1:22:51
C. W. Kurland, Waterbury Conn.	6:30	1:22:52
G. Daily, Greenwich W. C.	6:30	1:22:53
David Fox, Chatham, N. Y.	6:30	1:22:54
J. McLochan, Greenwich Wheelmen	6:30	1:22:55
A. DuFranch, Aloyone Wheelmen	6:30	1:23:02
T. J. Leeper, Union A. C.	6:30	1:23:05
E. A. Laws, Kings Co. Wheelmen	6:30	1:23:06
A. G. Helsen, R. G. W.	6:30	1:23:07
John W. Howard, Newark	6:30	1:23:10
First time winner, R. M. Alexander, Hartford Wheelmen, scratch, last year a winner of the race. His time was 1:17:00. Second time prize, won by F. R. Clark, Y. M. C. A., New Haven. Time—1:18:31. Third time prize, won by Thomas Firth, Harrison, N. J. Time—1:19:39.		

TITUS IN FRONT AGAIN.

The Popular Cyclist Wins the Mile Event at the Atlanta Wheelmen's Meet.

Fred J. Titus yesterday afternoon at the well conducted meet of the Atlanta Wheelmen, held on the Waverly (N. J.) track, landed the one mile professional, the most important race on the card, after a hard contested battle with Ray Macdonald. Both these riders were the colors of the River-side Wheelmen, and they competed as amateurs, and both have continued to represent the same club since becoming money chasers. Titus, until yesterday, had not been seen astride a wheel in the Metropolitan district since he played a part in the much discussed St. Louis affair, and his welcome was most cordial at the hands of the several thousand spectators, who thoroughly enjoyed the excellent sport provided.

Bert Ripley scored in the mile open for amateurs, but Ray Dawson furnished the hardest sort of argument, running second by a fraction of a wheel and only being beaten out in the last few yards and when he thought the race belonged to him. In an exhibition Dawson went against the track record record of 1:02 for half a mile, and established new figures for the distance, 50 seconds.

Referee Fred Keer compelled the novices to ride over the final, his time limit being disregarded by many seconds. On the next attempt W. W. Taylor evolved as the winner, and F. B. Pennington, who was first in the initial attempt, suffered.

In the professional handicaps the pace was very hot, and the fellows out in front hit it up so lively that Titus, the scratch man, did not get a piece of the money in either event. In the two-mile handicap it looked as though Aker, of Philadelphia, was holding back Titus and Oldfield, so that Stevens and Hadfield, team mates of the Quaker, could go on and win. Summary: First Race—One mile, Novice (amateur)—First heat—Won by C. A. Vaughn, Newark; William Haver, Hanover Bank Wheelmen, New York, second, Time—2:40:25. Second Heat—Won by F. B. Pennington, Newark; C. Sanger, Pierce Cycling Club, Newark, second, Time—2:40:25. Third Heat—Won by H. G. Clark, Newark; W. J. Baxter, Yorkville Wheelmen, New York, second, Time—2:42. Fourth Heat—Won by W. W. Taylor, Pierce Cycling Club, Newark; F. Kramer, Newark, second, Time—2:46:25. Fifth Heat—Won by J. Neely, Port Richmond, N. J.; L. E. B. Maynard, Prospect, N. J., second, Time—2:48:45. Sixth Heat—Won by G. M. Bodder, Arch Wheelmen, New York; R. F. Ireland, Pierce Cycling Club, Newark, second, Time—2:50. Final Heat—Won by W. W. Taylor, Newark; C. A. Vaughn, Newark, second; F. B. Pennington, Newark, third, Time—2:58:25. Second Race—Half mile, Handicap (profes-

First Heat—Won by Charles Hadfield, Newark, 35 yards; R. Aker, Philadelphia, 20 yards; second, Samuel Brock, Brooklyn, 40 yards; third, W. E. Dickerson, Palmyra, N. J., 45 yards; fourth, Frank Waller, Chicago, 65 yards; fifth, F. J. Titus, New York, sixth, Time—1:52:25.
Second Heat—Won by B. B. Stevens, Philadelphia, 40 yards; B. Oldfield, Toledo, Ohio, 15 yards; second, Ray Macdonald, Staten Island, 20 yards; third, Harry Hawthorne, Newark, 65 yards; fourth, Gilbert Eaton, Waverly Park, N. J., 65 yards; fifth, Time—1:50:35.
Final Heat—Won by Samuel Brock, Brooklyn, 40 yards; Harry Hawthorne, Newark, 65 yards; second, R. B. Stevens, Philadelphia, 40 yards; third, B. Oldfield, Toledo, O., 15 yards; fourth, Time—1:50:35.

Third Race—One mile open (amateur)—First heat—Won by Bert Ripley, Kitehooker Athletic Club; A. W. Stackhouse, University of Pennsylvania, second; A. J. James, University of Pennsylvania, third; W. D. Allen, South Brooklyn Wheelmen, fourth; R. Van Siden, Tourist Wheelmen, fifth; Time—2:14. Second heat—won by Ray Dawson, New York Athletic Club; H. M. James, University of Pennsylvania, second; William Waller, Atlanta Wheelmen, third; B. T. Allen, South Brooklyn Wheelmen, fourth; R. Van Siden, Tourist Wheelmen, fifth; Time—2:14. Third heat—won by Ray Dawson, New York Athletic Club; H. M. James, University of Pennsylvania, second; William Waller, Atlanta Wheelmen, third; B. T. Allen, South Brooklyn Wheelmen, fourth; R. Van Siden, Tourist Wheelmen, fifth; Time—2:14.

Final Race—One mile open (professional)—First heat—Won by F. J. Titus, New York; R. S. Aker, Philadelphia, second; Samuel Brock, Brooklyn, third, Time—2:24. Second heat—won by Ray Macdonald, Staten Island; C. C. Bowers, Irvington, N. J., second; B. Oldfield, Toledo, O., third; B. Stevens, Philadelphia, fourth, Time—2:27:15. Final heat—won by F. J. Titus, New York; Ray Macdonald, Staten Island, second; B. Oldfield, Toledo, O., third; B. Stevens, Philadelphia, fourth, Time—2:27:15. Sixth Race—Half mile handicap (amateur)—First heat—Won by B. Sutherland, Tourist Cycle Club, 55 yards; Walter A. Kelsall, Belleville Wheelmen, 65 yards; third, Time—1:01:25. Second heat—won by S. Goffrey, Newark, 35 yards; J. F. Rache, White Field Wheelmen, 40 yards; second, J. G. McGuire, St. Nicholas Wheelmen, 30 yards; third, Time—1:03. Third heat—won by William W. Stackhouse, University of Pennsylvania, 25 yards; second, J. Louisa, White Field, 40 yards; third, Time—1:02:55. Fourth heat—won by E. W. Ditts, Long Island City Wheelmen, 40 yards; Louie P. Macdonald, Staten Island, 50 yards; second, W. H. Sagston, Newark, 35 yards; third, Time—1:04:15.

Final Race—Two miles handicap (professional)—Won by B. B. Stevens, Philadelphia, 120 yards; Charles Hadfield, Newark, 110 yards; second, Samuel Brock, Brooklyn, 120 yards; third, C. A. Bowers, Irvington, N. J., 90 yards; fourth, Time—2:28:15. Eighth Race—One and one-half miles; tandem (amateur)—Won by Bert Ripley, Kitehooker Athletic Club, and Ray Dawson, New York Athletic Club, and C. D. Hunter, N. E. W., second; Bert Sager and Steve Dunn, Brooklyn, third, Time—3:58:15.

The trip up the historic Housatonic River in the morning, and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley, in the magnificent observation car attached to the North Shore Limited, makes the finest Sunday railroad ride in the world.—ADT.



A HOPELESS CASE.

THE START.



SOME MISHAPS ON THE ROAD.